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THE GLEDSTONES

AND

THE SIEGE OF COKLAW

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

HAWICK AND THE BORDERS

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO:

A Paper

READ BEFORE THE

HAWICK ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY

ON 10TH MARCH 1875.

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THE GLEDSTONES

AND

THE SIEGE OF COKLAW

By Mrs. OLIVER

OF THORNWOOD

Written for the Hawick Archæological Society

EDINBURGH

EDMONSTON & COMPANY, 88 PRINCES STREET

1878

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THE GLEDSTONES

AND

THE SIEGE OF COKLAW.

THOSE who know nothing of archæology are accustomed to characterise it as a dry, musty science, and to ridicule the antiquarian's love for what they are pleased to call "old rubbish." The utilitarian can see nothing in the broken arch, the ruined cloister, or the deserted ivy-mantled tower, save handy material for building a barn or a cottage; while to the antiquarian they are eloquent of the past, of the mail-clad warriors who rode forth under that crumbling archway, of monks and friars who paced these dim aisles as the deep, solemn chant floated up to the lofty roof, and he

has taught the world to admire those venerable ruins, has opened their eyes to the beauty of these "poems in stone," till at length the taste for the antique has become fashionable, and people will travel hundreds of miles to admire a ruin which they would not have crossed the road to look at had not the antiquary linked it to some story of the past, and the poet extolled its beauty. The craze has spread till not only ruins, but all kinds of old lumber, are more prized than the choicest productions of modern art, and fabulous prices are paid for old cracked teapots, and such like, the older and uglier the better.

But the true antiquary does not value his treasures because they are old, or because of the price he paid for them, or even because of their beauty. It is not for what they are in themselves that they are precious to him. It is for the story they can tell—to him who has patience to listen—of races who have passed away, of generations who have preceded us—whose struggles are forgotten,

whose achievements are unrecorded, but who, nevertheless, laid the foundations on which our liberty and our civilisation is built.

It is because each relic bears a faint impress of him who fashioned it, of the system of things of which it formed a part. Those bits of broken earthenware, those useless old coins, and rubbishy odds and ends which have somehow escaped annihilation, and have drifted down the stream of time from the dead past to the living present, bring with them faint gleams of light, which enables us to pierce the darkness of the past—that mystic past, which is closing up, darker and more impenetrable, behind us.

Among many other suggestive treasures contained in our Museum, is an old Bible. Its moth-eaten, yellow leaves, and the almost illegible writing on its blank pages, are sufficient in themselves to excite our interest; for in every well-regulated household "the big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride," is at once the most sacred heirloom,

the most cherished household treasure. More especially was this the case before the age of public registration, when the blank pages of the family Bible were inscribed with the simple family chronicles. The marriage rite was hardly considered complete till the names, and date of the ceremony, were duly entered on the sacred page. As each successive olive branch blossomed into life, their names were added to the family tree; and as one after another their earthly race was run, the event was recorded with circumstantial exactness. These domestic registers were of the greatest possible value in preserving the pedigree of old families, and the destination of large estates has often been decided from the records in the old family Bible.

The volume in our Museum is not a "big ha' Bible." Size and dignity are so intimately associated, that, in accordance with our ideas of the fitness of things, we like to have our family Bibles, in which are bound up so much of the family dignity, as

large as possible. The Gledstone Bible, however, is not a ponderous tome; but it possesses all the interest and sacredness of the family Bible, which indeed it was.

The world is two centuries older since the ink dried on its fading records; the Gledstones, to whom it belonged, were at that time a family of considerable importance in our neighbourhood; they were extensive landowners, and the estates of different members of the family lay all round Hawick to the south and west, and for some distance up the Slitrig. Then, and for centuries previously, they took their part in local and public affairs, and were associated with the most stirring scenes for which our border land was famous in days of yore. Now they have entirely disappeared from the district. Their lands have passed to other owners; not even their graves remain, for the family aisle at Cavers Church was removed by consent of the heritors, no one appearing to claim it. The only relic of the family which remains to

us is this Bible, solitary waif, cast up from the dark waters of oblivion, mutely reminding us of the eyes that conned its pages, the hands that traced these quaint entries, and constraining us, so far as may be, to answer its silent question, Who were the Gledstones? and what has become of them?

Any one who makes the attempt to trace the pedigree of a family for a lengthened period will soon find himself involved in a maze of perplexities and entanglements. Names get so mixed up that it is next to impossible to separate their identity. The old chroniclers were far ahead of us as genealogists. They could give, without the slightest break or flaw, the pedigree of any hero backwards to Noah and thence to Adam. The imagination was of great assistance, of course, but if we are to submit ourselves to the sober curb of truth we had better make no ambitious attempts in that direction, and be content with such brief and incidental notices as history, local and general, may afford.

A long unbroken pedigree is all very well, but if we wish to know something of the position and influence of any family, we shall best accomplish our purpose by searching for their names in the pages of history, and observing what part they took, and how they acquitted themselves, in public affairs. With respect to the Gledstone family these notices are very brief and erratic. Like flashes of summer lightning on the darkness of the midnight sky, they illumine the landscape for one brief instant and then plunge it into darkness again before the eye has had time to take in the picture. Sometimes these flashes appear in rapid succession, and then all is dark for an interval, when a flash more vivid than the others makes everything as clear as day. We must be content to take these flashes as they come, and make the best of the glimpses afforded us, and perhaps, after all, we may be able to form a pretty accurate idea of what the night had hid from us.

It is rather a ticklish subject to meddle with

the etymology of names; and if I hazard a conjecture as to the origin of the name of Gledstones, it may be taken for what it is worth. The old mode of spelling was Gledstanes, not Gladstone; now Gled is the Scotch for a hawk or falcon, and stanes, stones or rocks. Thus Gledstanes might mean the hawk's rock, probably the most prominent feature of the land to which it gave a name, and which, according to the general custom, became the surname of its possessors.

However that may be, we find that early in the fourteenth century the Gledstanes were a family of some standing. David II., in 1365, granted to William of Gledstanes, the son and heir to William of Gledstanes, knight, deceased, the lands of Wodgrenynton, Wynkeston, and Acolmfield, which Paterick Malleville resigned,* together with the yearly rent due to the Crown from these lands.

It will be observed, from the fact that the

* Origines Parochiales.

previous owner of these lands is named, that they were granted to the Gledstones family for the first time, and formed no part of the possessions of the deceased knight. The estate from which he took his title was Gledstanes in Lanarkshire, in the parish of Liberton, and distant only about fifteen miles or so from these newly-acquired lands, which are in Peeblesshire.

Another charter of Robert III. conveyed to John Gledstones the lands of Hundelshope, in the barony of Manor, resigned by Margret Gledstaines, his mother. These lands belonged, thirty or forty years previously, to one John Trumble, from whom they descended to his daughter Margret Trumbil, who afterwards married a Gledstanes, and resigned the lands to her son during her lifetime. I believe the lady's husband was the same William of Gledstones who received the grant from David II. In a charter of Robert III., in 1496, all the lands in the barony of Manor are granted to Sir William Inglis, save the lands

possessed by William of Gledstanes. There is no evidence that the Gledstones held any other lands in Manor save Hundelshope, and it is probable that William of Gledstones was named instead of his wife. This William of Gledstones was witness to a charter of Robert III. in 1390 to William Stewart of Gedworth.

Another charter of the same king conveyed to the aforesaid John Gledstones certain lands in the parish of Roberton and the town of Selkirk, also resigned by his mother in his favour.

We have here, then, a family in possession of large estates in the counties of Lanark and Peebles, and we have every reason to believe that this William of Gledstanes was the head of the family which we shortly afterwards find established in the neighbourhood of Hawick.

This period, during which the Gledstone family were increasing in wealth and prosperity, was a very disastrous one for Scotland. It will be remembered that Edward I. had taken advantage of the

disputed succession, on the death of the Maid of Norway, to urge his extravagant claim to the feudal superiority of Scotland. We know what strong measures he took to enforce this claim. Again and again was Scotland laid waste by the English invaders. Again and again she had to struggle for her independence and her liberty, till the country was so exhausted and impoverished that her people had little more than their liberties of which they could be robbed. At length Scotland regained her freedom at Bannockburn. The English garrisons were driven out of her castles, and if the Scotch could have been content merely to hold their own, all might have been well. But the natural consequence of these wars was to stir up a national enmity and hatred, and to make them embrace every opportunity of retaliating on their powerful neighbours. If the respective governments were at peace, the border barons were always ready to undertake an invasion on their own account. To be at war with the English

seemed to be the normal state of Scotland; peace was merely a transient episode.

In 1346 Edward III. was engaged at the siege of Calais, and this was deemed a favourable opportunity for an extensive invasion of England. David II., who was then only twenty-two years of age, collected an army and marched as far as Durham, where he was met by a large force called out by the Archbishop of York, headed by that prelate in person, and a large body of monks, who carried with them a relic of the holy St. Cuthbert, consisting of a piece of cloth with which he used to cover the chalice when he said mass. The arm of flesh was represented by two experienced generals, the Lords Percy and Neville. The battle which followed was very disastrous to the Scots, who were completely routed, the king and several of the nobles being taken prisoners, and the slain were estimated at 15,000. The Archbishop, of course, ascribed the victory to the sacred relic, which was held aloft on a spear during the battle,

and the generals themselves seem to have believed that it was of material assistance to them, for a handsome commemorative cross was erected on the field of battle by Sir Ralph Neville, hence the fight is generally called the battle of Neville's Cross.

After the battle, the two victorious generals crossed the border and took possession of all the border territory and strongholds, and an assembly was convened at Roxburgh Castle to arrange for its surrender.

A treaty was entered into between Sir Gilbert de Umfraville, Earl Percy, and Sir Ralph Neville, on the part of the English king; and the Abbots of Melrose, Jedburgh, and Dryburgh, and several gentlemen, including Paterick and William of Gledstaines, on the part of the people of the shires of Roxburgh, Selkirk, Tweeddale, and Lauderdale. The old question of England's feudal superiority was brought to the front. The English nobles promised on the part of their sovereign, "life, pro-

perty, goods, and complete immunity and freedom, to all Scots, even those taken in battle, who should come to the peace of our lord the king." They promised that they should be governed according to the laws and customs of Alexander I., and that there should be good governors appointed over them. The commissioners also undertook to persuade the king to appoint such sheriffs as should govern them in an "easy manner." This conciliatory policy on the part of the English king looks very magnanimous in the first flush of victory. His design, like that of his predecessors, was to get the feudal halter well on the Scotch neck, and a little patting and persuasion is often the best mode of dealing with an animal which has a propensity for kicking. The yoke well on the necks of the people, their captive king might be induced to rivet the fetters. So the negotiations passed over easily and pleasantly, the commissioners saying all sorts of agreeable things, the Gledstaines and the others taking the re-

quired oaths, doubtless with the full intention of breaking them at their earliest convenience, and the castle was delivered up in fifteen days.*

Save in the charters and the treaty above referred to, we do not meet with the name of Gledstones again till the siege of Coklaw, in 1403. By this time we find that a member of the family had become possessed of Coklaw Castle and the lands adjoining, in the parish of Cavers, and the near neighbourhood of Hawick. The estate consisted of the lands of Orchard, Ormiston, and Hummelknows, which they held by feudal tenure from the house of Douglas. We are not told how Gledstones acquired the property; had it been the nineteenth, instead of the fourteeenth century, we should have concluded that it was by purchase as a matter of course; but there were many other ways by which a man could become possessed of property in those days; as, for example, that notable exploit of Sir William Inglis, which

* Origines Parochiales.

brought him nearly the whole barony of Manor. This was a challenge to a trial of military skill and strength, or, more correctly, a defiance; for these were the days of knight-errantry, when noblemen and gentlemen challenged each other to mortal combat, just as now-a-days one man might challenge another to a trial of skill at rifle-shooting, or a friendly match at billiards. The combat between Sir William Inglis and Sir Thomas de Strother, the English knight, was of this sort, the Earls Percy and Douglas being the umpires, a fair estate the victor's reward.

Grants of land were given by kings and nobles for very trifling services, for money was scarce, and a grant of land secured a faithful vassal and a valuable ally in time of war. Land, especially on the borders, was of small value, for the constant inroads of the English left no security for either crops or cattle. There was one redeeming circumstance, however: Northumberland was not far off, and the cattle there were of fair good quality.

A green mound in front of Ormiston House is pointed out as the site of Coklaw Castle, the ruins of which could be seen about the middle of last century, when they were covered with turf by Mr. Walter Elliot, who had then acquired the property, and was about to erect a mansion-house. It is supposed that some of the vaults still exist, as by stamping on the ground in certain parts, a hollow sound is emitted. A spring near the road is still called the castle-well, and legends concerning the siege and the ghost of a white lady, who was somehow mixed up with it, were related at the country firesides fifty or sixty years ago. As this siege is of considerable local interest, I may be excused for going rather fully into particulars. It may be well, in the first place, to glance very briefly at the political situation of the period. Robert III., King of Scotland, is admitted to have been a wise and good man; but was as unfitted, as a good man could be, to rule a turbulent and warlike kingdom. Preferring the life of a

recluse, he retired to Rothesay Castle, in the Isle of Bute, and left the care of his kingdom to his brother, the Duke of Albany. The Duke was an ambitious man, fond of power, and more zealous for his personal aggrandisement than for the prosperity of the kingdom. He was no soldier, being rather deficient in personal courage, a circumstance which was not calculated to make him popular with the nobles ; but what he lacked in courage he made up in craft, for he was an unscrupulous plotter—a Richard III. without his bravery, for, to make the resemblance more complete, Albany's hands were stained with the blood of his nephew, the young Duke of Rothesay, the heir to the throne, whose tragic death has formed the subject of one of Sir Walter Scott's inimitable romances. Between this selfish plotter and the hermit king the Government was not such as to secure the welfare of the nation.

During the peaceful reign of Alexander III., Scotland had been wealthy and prosperous, but nearly

two centuries of almost constant war had weakened and impoverished the country terribly. In arts, manufactures, and civilisation, generally, she had fallen very far behind. The commonest necessaries of life were imported from Flanders, as well as spears, armour, horse-furniture, and cloth; not only the rich fabrics which formed the dress of the nobles, but the better kinds of stuffs worn by the people.

The only art cultivated was the art of war; hunting and great feudal displays, with an occasional raid into England, the only amusements. As a natural consequence, where every man was a soldier, and liable to be called to the field at any moment, husbandry was neglected or considered only of secondary importance, while the habits of predatory warfare were calculated to unsettle the people and make them unfit for the slow and patient labour of the farm. Grain was so scarce that it was often taken instead of money for the ransom of English captives; hence bread was

a luxury almost unknown to the poor, but they had no lack of beef, game, and salmon.

The church exerted a powerful influence in preserving the country from relapsing into barbarism. The monasteries, with their rich and substantial buildings, and artistic decorations, kept alive a taste for the fine arts. There, also, was centred all the learning and literature of the times. The well-cultivated abbey lands—for the monks were good farmers—constituted the chief agricultural wealth of the country, for church lands and church property generally were held sacred by the rough, lawless soldiers. There were exceptional cases, of course, when some, more reckless than others, would plunder and destroy church property as ruthlessly as any other; but as a rule, the rough soldier who cared little for right or wrong, had yet a wholesome dread of incurring the wrath of the church; he remembered that he would be in need of her good offices some day to square accounts for him with heaven. Let us hope, also, that his

dread was mingled with reverence for an institution which was known to him only through her charity and good works. She fed the hungry, ministered to the sick and wounded, entertained strangers, and although the sonorous Latin prayers and splendid ritual of her worship were above his comprehension, they were none the less awe-inspiring.

Henry IV. of England, shortly after he ascended the throne, had invaded Scotland on some pretext about his feudal superiority. He laid siege to Edinburgh Castle, but retired without taking it, or indeed doing anything in particular, except keeping alive the international animosity. Earl Douglas retaliated by entering England with a large force, when he ravaged the country north of the Tyne, and was returning laden with booty, when the English army, under the Earl of Northumberland and his son Harry Percy, or Hotspur, as he is generally called, came up with him at Homildon, and in the battle which ensued, the

Scots were defeated with great slaughter, and Douglas and many others taken prisoners.

The large ransoms paid for noble captives made the taking of them extremely desirable, and brothers in arms frequently fought and slew each other to get possession of a prisoner which each claimed as his own prize. Shakspeare has described the indignation of the Percies, when King Henry demanded that the prisoners taken at Homildon should be given up to him.

"I'll keep them!"

cried the fiery Hotspur,

> "By heaven! he shall not have a Scot of them;
> No. If Scot would save his soul, he shall not;
> I'll keep them; by this hand."

To appease these powerful subjects of his, who indeed had helped to place him on the throne, King Henry granted the Percies the whole of Teviotdale, and all the territory which belonged to the captive Douglas. This was a magnificent gift had it been Henry's to bestow, but the hare had still to be caught, and the catching might not

be very easy, as the Percies knew. They thanked the king for his gift, and gathering together a large army, they proceeded ostensibly to take possession of their new territory, but in reality to concert measures for a rebellion: first with Owen Glendower and the Welsh; with Earl Douglas whom they had released, and who was secretly collecting troops to aid them; and also with the Lord High Steward of Scotland himself.

That the Earl of Northumberland marched a day's journey into Scotland and laid siege to the Tower of Coklaw all historians are agreed; but there is some difference of opinion as to the situation of Coklaw. Burton, our latest historian, mentions the siege, but does not identify the locality. Mr. Jeffrey, in his *History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire*, states that Coklaw was at the head of Bowmont Water, where there was a tower of that name, but as it was only a mile from the English border, which certainly could not be called a day's march, was not in Teviotdale, which the

besieged tower was, and formed no part of the Douglas territory, it is obvious that Mr. Jeffrey must have been mistaken. From the fact that the names both of Ormiston and Coklaw occur in the account, Mr. Pinkerton identifies it with Ormiston near Roxburgh, but this also is erroneous; for while it has never been shown that Ormiston was ever called Coklaw, or was owned by a Gledstone, it is proved beyond doubt that Coklaw was also called Ormiston, which name it still retains, and at the time of the siege it belonged to a Gledstone. Moreover, it was in the very heart of Teviotdale and of the Douglas territory.

It must be distinctly understood that nothing was farther from the minds of the Percies than to enter into a hostile engagement with the Scots, or to attempt to take possession of Douglas' lands. The invasion was a mere ruse to divert attention from their real purpose—viz., to organise measures for an insurrection.

The usual route from England was by Kelso and Roxburgh, the Castle of Roxburgh being held by an English garrison, which it was obviously safer to avoid. Besides, the district was known to the king, who had marched through it on his way to Edinburgh, and who might have become suspicious if he had heard of a powerful army laying siege to what he *might* have known to be only the fortified dwelling of a private laird.

Farther west the country was a *terra incognito* to the king, which they would enter unopposed; and, to add still more to the mystery, Northumberland, in his dispatches, styled the place Ormiston Castle, instead of its better known name of Coklaw. We may, therefore, with all safety assume that Coklaw or Ormiston, near Hawick, was the real scene of the siege.

It needs no historian to tell of the consternation and dismay which filled the hearts of the country people as this great host came over the

Carter Fell, and, winding down among the hills, made their appearance in the pleasant valley of the Rule.

This was no mere party of marauders, but a large well-appointed army, with the well-known ensign of the Percies displayed. That lion crest was not strange to the Borders. Often had harried byres, trampled fields, and burning homesteads, marked its progress. Often had sorrow and wailing over bloody corpses risen up behind it. Troop after troop followed each other down the hillside, now with spears glancing in the sun, now with the longbow and cloth-yard shafts the Scots had such good reason to dread. Anon came knights in helmets and glittering armour, and conspicuous among them rode the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur.

No wonder the country people fled in terror, and hid themselves in the recesses of the woods, peering now and then from some ambush to see what might befall. To their surprise the army

marched steadily onward, turning neither to the right nor to the left to pillage or destroy. The lion did not spring. He must be in quest of greater prey. And they wondered what tale of misery and disaster might come back with that host on its return.

Meanwhile, the invaders held on their way, preceded by terror-stricken messengers of evil tidings, who soon brought the news to Hawick. The inhabitants quickly assembled in the streets to hear the dreadful news, and to take counsel what was to be done. Not that there was much room for difference of opinion. Experience had prepared them for such emergencies, and they knew that their only safety was in flight. They gathered together their few valuables and betook themselves to their usual hiding-places, and left the town to its fate.

There is a great difference between the Hawick of 300 years ago and the Hawick of to-day, but the difference was very much greater 170 years

earlier. As I said before, the country was so impoverished by constant warfare that the useful arts which promote domestic comfort had been totally neglected. The houses even in Edinburgh were little better than cottages built of wood and thatched with straw.* Some were made of oaken boughs interlaced in a kind of inner and outer frame, supported by strong posts and the interstices filled with turf; these formed warmer, more comfortable dwellings than would be supposed from their appearance. In the event of a fire breaking out in a town, the whole was likely to be destroyed. In one year Forfar, Montrose, Aberdeen, Stirling, Perth, Lanark, and Roxburgh, were all accidentally reduced to ashes; and there was scarcely a year that the English did not burn a few more.

If the towns were easily destroyed they were just as easily rebuilt. Three days generally sufficed to put up an ordinary dwelling. The furniture was correspondingly simple: so that for a man

* Froissart.

to abandon his roof-tree to the flames was no such very dreadful affair five centuries ago. We have no precise information as to the extent of the town 500 years ago, but it must have been very small. The church, and the tower, which was then a fortified baronial residence, were almost the only stone buildings in the place. Poor and mean though the town was, its total destruction by a hated enemy was not a pleasant thing to contemplate, and the Hawick people left their homes with sorrowful hearts; and, like Jonah at Nineveh, they watched afar off to see the destruction they deemed inevitable.

The long summer day drew to a close, and still no smoke from their burning homesteads obscured the crimson glory of the setting sun, no sound came from the deserted streets to intimate that the soldiers had encamped there for the night. The morning dawned rosy and fresh, and no enemy disturbed its calm. The day also passed in sickening anxiety. Some of the men ventured

cautiously to emerge from their concealment, but found everything as they had left it. The rumour could not have been false, for a few straggling bands of soldiers had been seen; but they began to hope that the enemy had passed on farther down the river; though before indulging in a feeling of security, it was deemed advisable to reconnoitre. Accordingly, towards nightfall, two or three crossed the hills to the south, seeing nothing till they came to the height above Coklaw, and there an animated scene presented itself to their astonished gaze. In the soft twilight of the summer night they could see the tents pitched, that of the Percy being conspicuous by the pennon fluttering above it. Watch-fires were lighted, and the men-at-arms were resting after the evening meal. But no stolen herds of cattle were to be seen; no dejected group of prisoners sat huddled together in the centre of the camp. They appeared to have laid siege to Coklaw, but had apparently injured nothing. It was enough to make people doubt

the evidence of their senses, for never before had the Percies made their presence known after such a fashion. Day after day passed, and still the army remained before Coklaw; but beyond appropriating a stray ox or sheep, they did no harm. The country people, as well as the inhabitants of Hawick, were slow to believe in their security; but people cannot live on a hillside for ever, even in summer, and by and by they returned to their homes and their duties, and no harm came to them, for which they devoutly thanked and blessed the Holy Virgin.

But what of the besieged tower? Gledstone, the proprietor, was absent at the time, and the garrison was in charge of his esquire, John Greenlaw, who made a right gallant defence, and in perfect good faith, for he was not in the secret. The trumpet was sounded, and the captain was asked to surrender. "No," said John Greenlaw, "take the tower if ye can, but I will hold it so long as it stands and I have a man to help me."

Hotspur and the stately Northumberland exchanged a smile at this plucky reply from the little garrison. It was enough to fill a stout heart with apprehension to see the numerous army encamped about the tower. Trebuchets and Mangonels thumped and battered against the walls, but they were stout as the hearts within them, and no impression was made. The tower still held out, and John Greenlaw felt himself very important as he was again and again summoned to parley, and finally to enter into a treaty with two such great noblemen and soldiers. He engaged to deliver up the castle on the 1st of August unless previously relieved by battle. Northumberland then wrote to King Henry, telling him that he held indentures for the delivery of Ormiston Castle, and went on to say that he would conquer Scotland from sea to sea, and desired the king to send him £60,000 to enable him to carry out his enterprise.

As soon as the news was brought to Gledstone that his tower was besieged by the Percies, he

hurried off to the king for assistance,* and was by him referred to Governor Albany, who called a council of nobles and prelates at Falkland Palace, and laid the case before them. They agreed that it was better to give up the paltry turret than to run the risk of a fresh encounter with England. Albany, who knew all about Percy's expedition, took the opportunity to swagger a little. "I swear to God and St. Fillan," said he, "that I will prevent the appointed day, though none should attend me save that youth my groom." The council were as much surprised as pleased with the governor's new spirit. They highly applauded his resolution, and agreed to accompany him. So Albany marched at the head of a great army to the relief of Coklaw, but with the secret purpose of joining Percy's expedition. Before they reached the borders, however, the English army had gone, and Coklaw was in its native loneliness. News soon after reached him of the defeat at Shrewsbury, where Hotspur was

* Pinkerton.

killed, and Douglas severely wounded and again a prisoner. After proclaiming the tidings Albany disbanded his army and returned home.

Before leaving this part of my subject, I may be permitted to allude to some articles which have been found from time to time near Ormiston, such as might have been left by an army. There were one or two stone balls found, such as were used for cannon on their first introduction. I should not like to say that the presence of these balls proves that an army had left them in 1403. Powder was known then, and Shakspeare, who, though a poet, and therefore entitled to a poet's licence, is pretty accurate as to his historical facts, speaks of it as having been used at the battle of Homildon. Historians all agree, however, that it was the English archers who wrought such destruction on the Scottish ranks, and it is only mentioned "by the dainty perfumed lord" who roused Hotspur's ire, by talking, "so like a waiting gentlewoman, of guns and drums and wounds." But it is quite

possible that some of the new engines of war may have been brought to Coklaw to try their effect. There was also found a very curious ornament or broach of iron, which looks as if it had formed some part of the equipment of a horse. And, stranger still, there was found, a hundred yards or so from the site of the old castle, an earthen jar containing a very large number of coins. They were all of an earlier date than the siege; a few were Scotch coins of Alexander III. and Bruce, but the great majority were English of Edward I. and II.

Money was scarce then, and its value proportionally great; and it is highly improbable that any one on the borders could have possessed such a sum. As so few of the coins were Scotch, it is unlikely they belonged to a Scotchman, for, save in the way of harrying and slaughter, there was little communication between the two kingdoms. They were nearly all small silver coins, such as would be used to pay an army. The jar was quite

full, showing that it must have been filled from a larger heap of coins. What, then, so likely as that it was filled from the treasure-chest of an English army? Here we have an English army encamped on the very spot, presumably well supplied with money, but bent on a dangerous and treasonable expedition. The Percies had made common cause with Douglas and Albany, and should their enterprise fail it was natural they should fall back on Scotland, there to collect their forces and organise fresh measures; and no doubt in such a case they would reflect that they would be none the worse of a supply of the true sinews of war, viz. money. They knew that well-trained, regularly paid soldiers are, like stout oaken staves, thoroughly to be depended on; but when the pay is in arrears they are like reeds shaken with every wind of sedition. It is quite possible, therefore, that some prudential impulse may have suggested to Hotspur or his father to fill two or three jars with money and bury them, to be in readiness, should they be

obliged to return. Such a proceeding was not so absurd as it may appear at first sight. Mother earth was the only banker in those days, and she often had large stores of jewels and money entrusted to her safe keeping, which she never failed to "pay on demand." Hotspur fell at Shrewsbury, and his father was a fugitive at St. Andrews with his little grandson, and never led another army to the field; but it is odd that there have been other old rumours of coins having been found there, only nobody could ever tell the particulars. The jar which was found a few years ago, and some of the coins, may be seen in our museum.

In 1404 we have again a notice of the Gledstones in connection with Cavers. Some fifty years previously the Abbey of Melrose had received a grant from Earl Douglas of the Church of Cavers. It was a common practice at that period for the rural churches to be swallowed up by the great monasteries, which reaped all the benefits and

emoluments, and deputed one of their order to perform the duties. The benefits derived by Melrose from this grant had hitherto been *nil*, though the grant had been confirmed by successive charters. The abbot had indeed enjoyed the privilege of presentation to the living, but he craved more solid advantages. The monks, therefore, appealed to the Pope to give the annexation full effect. His Holiness having made proper inquiries, again annexed to the abbey the same church with all its emoluments; and they were put into actual possession on the 13th of November 1404, when the Abbot of Kelso proceeded to the Church of Cavers, and there caused the charter to be exhibited and read, and gave full possession to the procurator from Melrose, by causing him to take hold of the horns of the altar, and go through other ceremonies usual on such occasions. They then enjoined the parishioners, and all others, by authority of the Pope, and on pain of excommunication, to admit the monks,

their procurator, or any person deputed by them, to the full enjoyment of the fruits of the benefice. The witnesses were the Abbot of Dryburgh, and several of the canons of Kelso Abbey, and the "noble men," James de Gledstanes, and Thomas de Gledstanes, and Gilbert de Lauder. The description of the three gentlemen as "noble men" is peculiar; they were not titled noblemen, but men of good birth and position. This was presumably the Laird of Coklaw and his brother.

The next notice we have of a member of the family is in connection with the recovery of a debt. William and Archibald Douglas of Cavers, and John of Gledstones, owed John Rutherford of Hundole the sum of 100 merks, or £66 : 13 : 8, which they would not, or, at all events, did not pay. The money was probably awarded as damages for some injury the three gentlemen had done the Laird of Hundole, but he never had the satisfaction of receiving a penny during his life-time. They could not be got to pay till Ruther-

ford's energetic grandson summoned the three debtors before the Lords of the Secret Council. This incident proves that the Gledstones were on very intimate terms with the Douglases, and the former one shows they were of good social standing, a fact which is still further established by a testimonial granted under the great seal of James V.

Mr. John Gledstones, licentiate of the laws, presented a petition on behalf of himself and his cousin-german, Mr. Robert Fraser, showing that they were about to dwell in France for studying and other honest causes; they wished to have all the respect shown them to which they were entitled. The matter having been examined by the Lords of the Council, a declaration was made to the effect, "that Mr. John Gledstones and Mr. Robert Fraser are noble by both parents, and of an ancient family." The testimonial shows, also, that Mr. Gledstones was of the family of Gledstones of that Ilk. This was surely a very formidable way of obtaining a passport into French society.

No student of Scotch history need to be told of the terrible and deadly feud which existed between the two great rival Border families, the Scotts and the Kers, nor of the strife and bloodshed of which it was the cause. The Laird of Buccleuch was murdered by the Kers on the streets of Edinburgh, and this tragedy induced the friends of both houses to do their utmost to bring about a better understanding, and to put an end to such deadly quarrels. They were so far successful that the heads of both families entered into a bond, by which they bound themselves, their friends, retainers, and followers, to "preserve peace and good friendship," "to bury all their feuds, and to live henceforth in amity and good neighbourhood." Among those for whom the Laird of Buccleuch was responsible was *John Gledstones of that Ilk and his bairns.*

In 1569 the name of Gledstones of Coklaw is appended to a bond by which the inhabitants of the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk,

and Peebles, pledged themselves to unite to repel the Liddesdale thieves. The lawless state of the Borders at this period is so well known that any remark on the subject is almost superfluous. Ruler after ruler had tried to bring them to order, but without effect. It almost seemed as if extermination was the only cure, and they were executed without mercy whenever caught, as, for intance, in 1561, when fifty-three were taken in the act of plundering Hawick Fair, and most of them were either hanged or drowned forthwith. They held out, however, in spite of all the hanging and drowning, and, reinforced by all the outlaws and scoundrels in the country side, they set law and authority at defiance. The Regent Murray suggested that the inhabitants of the neighbouring counties should form themselves into a league to keep them in check, and the plan was readily adopted. By this bond, the inhabitants of the counties above mentioned agree "never to intercommune with any of

the said thieves, their wives, bairns, or servants, or give them meat, drink, house or harbour, nor were they to be allowed to resort to markets or trysts, nor permitted to remain or pasture their flocks on any lands outwith Liddesdale, except such as within eight days of the date of bond found responsible sureties, that they would reform all enormities committed by them in time by-past, and keep good rule in time coming." All others, not finding such security, were to be pursued to the death with fire and sword, and all kind of hostility, as open and known enemies to God, the King, and the common good. This bond was very numerously signed, and in the first column of signatures appear the names of *James Gledstones of Coklaw.*, and Robert Scott, Bailie of Hawick.

In 1575 this same James Gledstones of Coklaw and Walter Scott of Goldilands gave security to the amount of £1000 Scots each for the appearance of Allan Denys, John Scott, son to Philip's

Jock, and Johnnie Cavers, all of Hawick, before the Regent and the Lords of the Secret Council, to answer some charge, the nature of which we are not informed.

From the above notices, we find that Gledstone was among the friends and retainers of the house of Buccleuch, and that he took an interest in the affairs of Hawick. His signature appended to the bond of resistance to the Liddesdale thieves shows that he was a friend to law and good order; but we find a notice in Pitcairn's Criminal trials which is not so creditable to him.

In 1561 John Gledstones of Coklaw was charged with the slaughter of Thomas Peebles and William Bell, committed on the lands of Kaidmuir, near Peebles. There are no particulars of the crime given, except that it was done of "set purpose." The trial was deferred, and we hear no more of the matter for forty years. Meanwhile, as other notices show, John Gledstone had gone in and out among his fellow-men, his social posi-

tion in no way affected by the crime of which he had been guilty. He had probably taken the law into his own hands in punishing some offence, a practice common enough among the border lairds at that period. Forty years later we find the matter brought up again by the descendants of the deceased Thomas Peebles, who had been a burgess of the town from which he took his name. Before this time John Gledstones had been gathered to his fathers, and his son reigned in his stead. But it was evidently a pecuniary solatium the descendants of the slaughtered burgess were seeking, and for this purpose the son was as good as the father. It was no unusual thing for the relatives of a murderer to be pursued for damages, even when the criminal himself had suffered the extreme penalty of the law: So James Gledstanes of Coklaw, or of that Ilk, as he is termed in the indictment, had to answer to the charge. He produced the king's respite, which the pursuers pleaded was not admissible, because granted contrary to

Act of Parliament, "no letter of stains having been granted by them for asythement of the party." Gledstone maintained that the respite was quite correct ; but added, that he was willing to satisfy the parties, and offered to find sureties to that effect. The judge admitted the defender's plea, and John Gledstones of Wyndington Haugh and John Rutherford, Bailie of Jedburgh, became sureties that James Gledstones of that Ilk would satisfy the parties for the slaughter of Thomas Peebles. This trial is of some significance, as proving that the Gledstones had still some connection with Peebles and that neighbourhood. It also establishes the fact that Gledstone of that Ilk and Gledstone of Coklaw were the same, both names occurring in the indictment.

A few months after Gledstone had been security for the men of Hawick, his name appears in connection with the raid of the Reidswire, an encounter between the Scotch and English borderers, which formed the subject of one of our border ballads.

There had been peace and pretty good order maintained on the borders for nearly five years. The hostile raid, which from time immemorial had been the borderers' favourite mode of settling accounts, had been superseded by courts held by the Scotch and English wardens of the marches, where all international disputes might be adjusted in an orderly and legal manner. It was no easy task the wardens had to undertake, where there were so many slaughters, spoliations, and other injuries to be dealt with ; for though these things were no longer done wholesale, the borderers could not forget their feuds all at once, but kept their hands in at the old trade in a smaller way.

The raid of the Reidswire was an accidental skirmish, which broke out at a warden court, held on the Carter Fell, in the summer of 1575. The best description of this raid is to be found in the ballad, which has evidently been written by one who took part in the fray. It makes no preten-

sions to elegance of style; but it describes the engagement with much graphic force and rugged simplicity.

It is a strange picture thus presented to us—a picture so characteristic of these warlike times, but in such striking contrast to our own. Here we have a court of justice held on a bare hillside, in an almost uninhabited district of country; nothing to be seen but heath-clad hills stretching away in every direction; the majesty of the law represented not by grave judge and learned lawyers, but by soldierly wardens, each with a large following of armed men. The clients—the complainers, and defenders — come in such numbers, that the usually silent hills resound with the ring of their bridles, the trampling of their horses. They come not in solitary groups, but in hundreds, to see fair play; and fully armed and prepared, either for defence or defiance.

The Scotts of Buccleuch are there with the "Laird's Wat" at their head. There are the Elliots,

the Armstrongs, and "a' the lave o' Liddesdale; the Trumbles, strong and stout;" the Rutherfords, with the town of Jedburgh; and, to quote from the ballad,—

> "Then Teviotdale came to wi' speed,
> The Shirrif brought the Douglas down,
> Wi' Cranstone, Gledstone, good at need,
> Baith Rewle Water, and Hawick town."

From the English side came the Tyndale and Redesdale men. "500 Fenwicks in a flock;" and, as the ballad goes on to say,—

> "We looked ower the other side,
> And saw come breasting ower the brae,
> Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde,
> Full fifteen hundred men and mae."

When such a gathering of ancient enemies meet face to face fully armed to discuss their wrongs, the wonder would have been had they parted without open hostility. A pretext is not difficult to find; high words are heard; a flight of arrows are sent among the Scots, who, nothing loth, rush

to the fray. The slogan or war-cry of each party echoes from all parts of the field, followed by the rattle of pistolets, the clash of steel, and the whirr of hundreds of arrows. The English had the advantage in numbers, but the Scots were victorious; and the ballad informs us exultingly that—

> "With help of God the game gaed right,
> Frae time the foremost o' them fell,
> Then ower the knowe, without good-night,
> They fled, with many a shout and yell."

But many cracked crowns had been given and taken, and many a tall fellow stretched on the heather with his life-blood ebbing away. Sir John Heron, one of the English leaders, was slain; and the warden, and several others taken prisoner.

Queen Elizabeth was dreadfully angry when she heard of the encounter, not so much with her own subjects for beginning the fray, but at the Scots for presuming to punish them and take her warden prisoner. The Regent Morton could not afford to quarrel with Elizabeth, so he enter-

tained the prisoners hospitably at Dalkeith Palace, and sent them home with many civil regrets. Sir John Carmichael, the Scotch warden, was obliged to go and make a humble apology to the Queen for his victory; and among other presents sent with him were some valuable falcons, which gave rise to the jest that the Regent had made a bad bargain, for he gave live falcons for a dead Heron.

It will be observed from the ballad that Gledstone led the men of Hawick to the fray: the lines,

> "Cranstone, Gledstone, good at need,
> Baith Rewle Water, and Hawick Town,"

obviously meaning that Cranstone led the men of Rewle Water, and Gledstone those of Hawick.

From the prominence given to the names of Gledstain and the Laird's Wat, as Scott of Goldilands is styled, the writer must have been familiarly acquainted with both of these gentlemen. Their names are twice mentioned, and each time with some little complimentary remark. The twice

recurring phrase, "good at need," refers, apparently, to some special service Gledstone had rendered in a time of difficulty and danger, and which was fresh in the memory of the writer. This, not unlikely, was the security he gave for the men of Hawick a few months before, and it is very probable that the writer went to the raid with little Gledstone, since it is evident he either belonged to Hawick or the neighbourhood.

About twenty years later we find the name of James Gledstone of Coklaw again as security for an offender.

Thomas Turnbull of Wauchope, with nearly the whole of his clan, had been concerned in a most daring succession of thefts from Margret Turnbull Lady Appotsyde. They stole at different times 330 kye and oxen, forty score of sheep, and thirty or forty horses, together with the whole plenishing of Appotsyde and Harwood. They burned down the outhouses and a stable containing two valuable horses; they cut hundreds of trees, among others

500 great oaks. They also murdered one Lyal Brown, servant to the lady, and Hector Lorain and his brother, a lad thirteen years of age, who resided at Harwood. These outrages extended over a period of five years, and it shows a terrible state of things when a lady dwelling peacefully in Rewle Water could be plundered and her servants killed with impunity. Six years after the depredations were commenced the offenders were brought to justice. Thomas Turnbull of Wauchope was admitted to bail, but he failed to appear, and James Gledstones, his security, forfeited his bail of 500 merks, while Turnbull was declared a rebel, and his goods confiscated to the Crown.

In 1616 Gledstone of that Ilk was on the jury for the trial of the ruffians hired by Jean Scott of Satchells and the Lady of Howpaslot to mutilate and kill the sheep and cattle belonging to Douglas of Drumlanrig.

About the same period a member of the family

rose to great eminence in the church. This was George Gledstones, Archbishop of St. Andrews. He was appointed by James VI. one of the commissioners for promoting the union of the two kingdoms. He was a man of great learning but an easy nature, and induced by those he trusted to do many things hurtful to the see, especially in the leasing of tithes and benefices for many ages to come, by which he incurred a great deal of obloquy.

The following episode, which occurred in his house, it is to be hoped, was not common in the households of clergymen :—

The good, easy archbishop was taking his usual nap on a Sunday afternoon, when he was awakened by a great outcry from the kitchen, and was horrified to find that his sister's son had stabbed the cook, and the poor man fell dead instantly. The archbishop's nephew was committed to prison, but the cook's friends were satisfied with a sum of money, and agreed not to prosecute, and the

murderer was cleansed by a white assize and let go free.

Down to nearly the end of the sixteenth century we hear of no other Gledstones in Roxburghshire save the family of Coklaw. Whytlaw belonged at that time to one Hercules Stewart, who was involved in the treason of the Earl and Countess of Bothwell, who held out against the king in the west border in 1592. All the lairds concerned in this affair either forfeited their estates or had to pay heavy fines. Several of them, including the Laird of Harden, had their houses pulled down by order of the Government, a novel and very singular mode of punishing traitors.

After this the lands of Whytlaw came into possession of a Gledstone, a branch of the family of Coklaw. The first mention of him is at the Jedburgh Circuit Court in 1622, when the name of Walter Gledstanes of Whytlaw appears on the jury. These Whytlaw Gledstones were allied by marriage to the House of Buccleuch, as we find

stated by Scott of Satchells, who wrote a kind of rhyming chronicle, entitled *A true history of several honourable families of the name of Scott,*—by Captain Walter Scott.

He dedicates one chapter to "That valiant and generous gentleman, Gledstones of Coklaw :"

> "Most worthy sir, I send into your view,
> This little pamphlet, *most of it* is true."

And another chapter is inscribed, "To that worthy and much respected gentleman, Francis Gledstones of Whytlaw."

The worthy captain gives a good deal of genealogical information, and makes most praiseworthy efforts to unite rhyme with reason, but where he has found it difficult to combine the two, he has stuck to the rhyme and left the reason or sense in obscurity as profound as the utterances of the Delphic oracle.

I am not learned enough to tell what is meant by such passages as the following :—

"Then Walter Scott was George Howcoat's son,
He married Douglas, a daughter of Whittingham;
And George his son, a hopeful lad,
He married Gledstone's daughter to the Laird of Dod."

The following verse is more intelligible :—

"The barons of Buccleuch they kept at their call
Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
All being of his name and kin,
Each two had a servant to wait on them."

Then follows the names of these gentlemen with the lands they held for their services. These twenty-three pensioners were all of the name of Scott, says Satchels, the twenty-fourth was "Walter Gledstones of Whytlaw, a near cousin of my lord."

This passage must have suggested to Sir Walter Scott his lines in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* :—

"Nine and twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branxholm Hall,
Nine and twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall.
Nine and twenty yeomen tall
Waited duteous on them all;
They were all knights of metal true,
Kinsmen of the bold Buccleuch."

This Gledstone of Whytlaw, cousin to the laird of Buccleuch, held the property of Flex also. These properties lie close together, and it is probable that his residence was at Flex. There is an avenue of fine old trees, and also traces of a garden, and what looks like a tennis ground or bowling-green. The steep banks of the burn are finely wooded; and altogether Flex bears evident marks of having been the residence of a man of taste.

Besides the Gledstones of that Ilk and of Whytlaw, the old county valuation-roll mentions also the Gledstones of Dodd, of Colifort Hill, Adderstone Shiels, and Hillisland. This latter property was about one-fourth the value of Whytlaw and Flex; it was situated near Hillisland Moss, and about sixty years ago a portion of the garden wall was standing. It was Gledstone of Hillisland to whom the Bible in our museum belonged. This book had fallen into the hands of one Catherine Cheyne, long a domestic servant in the family. At her death it became the property

of her nephew, a cutler in Hawick, who gave it to Mr. Irvine, and it was by him presented to the burgh. There is one extract from the manuscript entries in the Bible given in Wilson's *Memories of Hawick*, but there are many other entries which had never been read; and in January last I requested Dr. Murray of London, who happened to be on a visit to Hawick, to examine the Bible, and see if he could make out anything further. As editor of the Early English Text Society, he has great experience in deciphering old manuscripts, and at some personal inconvenience, he very kindly furnished me with the following copies of entries. He says, "I spent two awfully cold hours over the Gladstone Bible in the museum on Saturday, and now send the result. As far as time, light, and temperature allowed, I have copied out the entries, some of which are quite illegible; all ought to be read while they may, they seem to be fast fading.

On a blank page between the Old Testament and the Apocrapha, are the following six entries,—

1. Illegible entry.

2. September 13, 1696. Captaine Elliott, my brother-in-lawe dyed att Bruges in fflanderis.

3. Much blotted entry, difficult to read.

4. Upon the 14 day of May 1645 my father, ffrancis Gladstains (? stanes), being of twentye ane (? nine) years off age & ane leftetennent, was with his Brother, Captaine James Gladstanes, & other nyne sister sons of Sir William Douglass off Cavers (? Calvers), schyreff of . . . dale, killed att the battell of Aulderne, fought agst Montrosse.

Regarding this entry, Dr. Murray says, "Sister son was a relation often spoken of thus," Douglas to Maclellan of Bomby, "Yonder lies your sister sonne, but by ill luck he wants the heid; ye are welcome to the body gif ye please." The passage does not distinctly state, or even necessarily imply, that the two Gledstones were sister sons of Douglas of Cavers, though the other nine were.

5. Upon the 23d of Maye 1712 . . . dyde at Jedburgh, and was upon Sunday the 25 buryed yr.

6. Upon this twentye eight day of februarie 1713, James Haswell [pensioner], In Crailling, Informs me . . . . . he was ane tyme att Barbadoes, and yt my sone, William Gladstanes, about tenne yeares sen dyed yr, his owne air death in [hed], & was . . . . by his mother, who was . . . him . . . & under whom he was . . . . as br . . . or (? master) to the . . . of ane plantatione . . . . . if he had lived to enjoy it, bot he lived only eight months yr, having come thither from Virginia, where for ane tyme he had kepped ane merchands compt books, having first of all, when he went from the (? Hawick ? Habkirk) school schoole about fyften year of age, spent two or three years as prentice to Archibald Blyth, wryter & agent in (Edinr ?) yr after went In England and spent some years In ane toun off . . . . . goe from England & take schipping for fflandris way the 28 of Appryl 1695. . . . .

"This entry made me very curious," the Doctor goes on to say, "and I would have liked to have had time to decipher it fully. Barbadoes and Virginia were the ports to which Covenanters were shipped. I hoped to find some such information, though so far as I have read it, it does not look like that, though the blanks still leave it possible."

At the top of the page, opposite these six entries, is the following :—

7. Wpon the 15 of Appryll 1713 Captaine Williame Ellott, sone to Captaine Johne [Ellott], my wifes brother, dyed of ane (long seikness) at Bruges in fflandris, and was buried in the am (? sam) (? fam.) . . . with his . . . . .

This evidently refers to the son of the Captain Elliot mentioned on the preceding page, who died at the same place.

8. At beginning of New Test. (back of title-page) is the record of the baptism of Walter Gladstanes himself in Oct. 1642, to which the laird of Gladstanes is a witness; the record of his marriage with Margt Sinclare at Calder Oct. 1671; and of the births of several (? 4 or 5) children, the second being *William*, born Oct. 29, 1674 (Thursday), concerning whose subsequent career there is a long memorandum at beginning of the Apocrypha, showing that he died at Barbadoes about ten years before 1713, *i.e.* soon after 1700, when he would be under 30.

The entry regarding the eleven men who fell at Auldearn merits some further notice. Tragic though it is, there is no reason to doubt its truth. The Cavers family were zealous friends of the covenant. Indeed, Douglas of Cavers, the Sheriff of Teviotdale, was the first who crossed swords with Montrose, after he took up the royal standard.

He was attempting with a body of men to reach the king's friends in the north; but he was completely defeated near Dumfries, by the Sheriff of Teviotdale.

Disguised as a groom, and at great peril of his life, for a high price was set on his head, Montrose managed to reach the Highlands and to raise the standard of the king, around which gathered the Gordons and other Highland clans, besides a large number of Irish, commanded by a powerful chief, named Macdonald. The winter was passed amid great hardships; but, with indomitable courage and daring, combined with his great military skill, he was able with his small and very irregular forces to gain repeated victories. Under these circumstances it became necessary to use every effort to put down this formidable leader. Additional levies were raised for the covenant, and Sir John Urry, a good and brave leader, was appointed to the command under the Duke of Argyle. The Duke was no

doubt a great statesman and a clever diplomatist, but his talents were not of a military character, and, as his judgment was of no use to him in a battle, he usually fell back on his instinct of self-preservation.

The Duke of Argyle, then, and Sir John Urry were sent into the North with a large body of troops. Montrose might well tremble, for his Highlanders and wild Irish were quite unfit to cope with well-trained soldiers, especially when accompanied by the "musket's mother," as they called the small field-pieces common at the time. Montrose had the advantage of a strong position on a hillside above the village of Auldearn, and managed to gain a complete victory. The Covenanters were totally routed, and fled before one of the dashing charges for which Montrose was famous. They were pursued and cut down without mercy by the Gordons, who had been excited to a perfect fury of rage against the Covenanters by a most cowardly murder committed by them a few days

before. George Gordon of Rynie, a youth of eighteen, had been wounded in a skirmish, and was removed to the house of a friend, and another gentleman of his clan remained to take care of him. The Covenanters having heard of this, sent out a party under one Captain Smith, who cruelly slew the wounded youth, and left his attendant also for dead. This barbarous deed was fearfully avenged: the Gordons followed the pursuit for miles, and gave no quarter. The Covenanters' loss is variously estimated at from two to three thousand, and of the 12,000 Sir John Urry took with him to the north nearly the whole perished.

This account of the battle of Auldearn fully corroborates the entry in the Gladstone Bible.

It is not strange that among the fresh troops raised for the Covenant there should have been some from such staunch friends of the Covenant as the Cavers family, and of those who went north very few escaped alive.

The year after the battle of Auldearn, when

Montrose had been defeated at Philiphaugh, his army cut in pieces, and himself compelled to seek safety in exile, Sir William Douglas was appointed one of the commissioners to try the Royalists who had taken up arms against the Covenant. On the Restoration of Charles II. Sir William Douglas, his son, was deprived of his hereditary office of Sheriff of Teviotdale for holding to his father's principles. His wife, the good Lady Cavers, as she was called, was one of those who suffered persecution for their adherence to the Covenant. She was imprisoned in Stirling Castle for two years, and during this period, her husband being dead, and her son a minor, the Cavers estates were managed for her by Francis Gledstones of Whytlaw.

The annals of Hawick contain frequent mention of different members of the family of Gledstones.

In 1694 Francis Gledstones of Whytlaw gave £20 worth of timber for building the Tolbooth and mounting the steeple where the bell hangs; and Walter Gledstones, town-clerk, gave £4 in money

for the same purpose. This town-clerk was Gledstones of Hillisland, the son of the lieutenant who fell at Auldearn, and the owner of the Bible, most of the entries being in his handwriting. He was made town-clerk in 1673, an office which he held till his death in 1718; he was succeeded by his son and grandson, and except for a short interval these three Gledstones were town-clerks of Hawick for a period of 110 years. Mr. John Gledstones, the last of the three, kept a public-house, where the civic business of the town was conducted. He left two daughters, but no son. About this time, viz., the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Gledstones gradually disappear from the neighbourhood. Not one of the various properties owned by different branches of the family belong to one of the old name. The Duke of Buccleuch purchased Whytlaw and Hillisland; Flex became the property of a banker in Hawick; and we have every reason to believe that these branches of the family became extinct.

The last authentic notice we have of Gledstones of that Ilk is in 1707, when he obtained leave from the Bailies of Hawick to cart divots off the common. There is also a tradition that he was involved in the Rebellion of 1745, and that his name was erased from the list of those to be tried for treason, through the interest of Mr. Douglas of Cavers. Some members of the family held Jacobite principles; John Gledstone, town-clerk, was deprived of his office for some time because he would not take the oaths to Government.

There may have been a Gledstone among those who followed Prince Charlie, but it could not have been Gledstone of that Ilk, who died ten years before. His property passed to heirs-portioners about the year 1734. Hummelknows fell to the share of Scott of Burnhead. Orchard was held by a Mr. Dickson, and was afterwards purchased by Douglas of Cavers. Ormiston passed to Mr. Walter Elliot, who proceeded to build a mansion-house in 1747. I could not ascertain, without a very trouble-

some investigation of family papers, which perhaps the owners might not have cared to permit, how these three families came to possess the estate of Coklaw, or what relation they were to Mr. Gledstone, but the inference seems clear that the three heirs, none of them of his own name, were either married daughters or the family of a sister. This would also sufficiently explain the fact that the family aisle at Cavers Church was taken down because no one appeared to claim it. Married daughters or sisters would, of course, find their last resting-places among the families into which they had married. We know how soon the living forget those whom they have laid in the grave; a few of their nearest and dearest may cherish their memories, but the world forgets them. Their own descendants hear their names with indifference, the old graves are forgotten, the gravestones are neglected, and should they stand in the way of some modern improvement, the ashes of the last generation are ruthlessly and carelessly scattered to the winds.

The old Church of Cavers, ivy mantled and almost in ruins, stands in an ancient graveyard surrounded by tall, old beech trees, which cast a sombre shadow over the graves even at brightest noon, but in the gloaming it is inexpressibly eerie ; a bird flying to its nest in the branches overhead, or a rabbit scuttling away among the bushes, sets the heart beating quicker, and fills the mind with vague apprehension. The inscriptions on the tombstones are almost obliterated with moss ; the graves hidden with long grass and shrubs. A flight of steps leading to a gallery in the church occupies the site of what was once the Gledstone aisle. For centuries the Gledstones of that Ilk had brought hither their dead—the old man full of years and honours, the youth cut off in his prime, old matrons and little children, and girls in the bloom of their beauty, all had been laid there ; but at length the old race disappeared, the last of the name had been laid in the hallowed vault ; the relentless yet gentle hand of time began the work

of decay, but its demolition was suddenly completed by the heritors, who swept away the old vault with its poor relics of mortality, to make room for this flight of steps, over which the living unthinkingly trample out the very memories of the dead.

These notices of the Gledstones, desultory though they are, show that the family had a territorial title 600 years ago, derived from an estate in Lanarkshire. They then came into possession of lands in Peeblesshire, and afterwards in Roxburghshire.

Gledstones of that Ilk does not appear prominently in Border affairs till about the middle of the sixteenth century. About that time the estate of Gladstanes in Lanarkshire passed out of his hands, and became the property of Sir William Menzies. A small property called Arthurshiel immediately adjoining the estate of Gledstains, and of which it originally formed a part, was the property of a younger son of Gledstones of that Ilk, and was still retained by him.

After this time, Gledstone of that Ilk took up his residence permanently on the Borders, was allied to the most powerful Border families, and took his part in public affairs. He still retained the old title, though, as we have said, the estate of Gledstones, "the Ilk," had passed from him.

There is not the slightest evidence to show that he held any other property on the Borders save Coklaw, and it will be observed that in all strictly legal documents he is always styled Gledstone of Coklaw, as in the security for the men of Hawick, for Turnbull of Wauchope, etc. In the contract between the Scotts and the Kerrs, Buccleuch includes among his adherents the name of Gledstones of that Ilk; and in the indictment for the slaughter of Thomas Peebles he is called first by the one title and then by the other, showing beyond a doubt that the two titles belonged to the same person. In the County Valuation-roll the estate of Coklaw is described as the property of the laird of Gladstones, but it never went by that name. We

are therefore driven to the conclusion that the title, "Gledstone of that Ilk," was complimentary rather than substantial—that it was distinctive of the ancient head of the family, and accorded to him by his relations and friends to distinguish him from other branches of the same family, and in remembrance of past dignity, but his proper and legal title was Gledstone of Coklaw.

We have seen how the different branches of the family disappeared from our neighbourhood in the middle of the last century, but the line is perpetuated through Gladstone of Arthurshiel. This was, as I said, a younger son of Gladstone of that Ilk, who remained in Lanarkshire after the elder branch settled on the Borders. William, the first Gladstone of Arthurshiel of whom we have any record, died about 1565. His son, grandson, and great-grandson, held the property in succession down to the year 1670, when it was sold to James Brown of Edmiston. The son of the last laird of Arthurshiel removed to Biggar, and commenced

business as a maltman. A very large trade in malting was carried on in Biggar at that time; the population numbered only about eleven or twelve hundred, yet there were no fewer than fourteen malting establishments in active operation.

This William Gladstone, the first of the family we hear of in trade, died about the year 1728, and was interred in the old family burying-place in Liberton Churchyard. His son John succeeded him in business. He was much respected in his native town, and took an active part in all public matters. By industry and prudence he acquired means to purchase the farm of Mid Toft Crofts, which he retained in his own possession till his death in 1756, leaving a family of five sons and six daughters. Thomas, the fourth son, left Biggar and settled as a corn-merchant in Leith. He was rather roughly handled by the mob in the bread riots in 1800. He was successful in business, and made a good deal of money. His son John went to Liverpool, where he embarked in the West India

trade, and after a long and prosperous career he acquired a very large fortune, purchased the estate of Fasque, and was created a baronet in 1846, thus raising the Gladstone family to their old position among the landed aristocracy of the country. But it remained for the third son of this baronet to render the old name illustrious.

There is not in the whole civilised world a prouder or more honourable position than that of Prime Minister of England. William Ewart Gladstone held that high position for years with credit and honour, both to himself and to the great political party of which he was the leader and representative. As a ripe scholar and eminent writer, as an orator and statesman, his name is known wherever the English language is spoken. It would ill become me to make any remarks on the career of a man who is yet in the zenith of his fame. Abler pens than mine will write his biography; and perhaps the Hawick people may

feel proud to claim a distant connection with him through "little Gledstone, good at need," and the old family who for centuries were their near neighbours.

FINIS.

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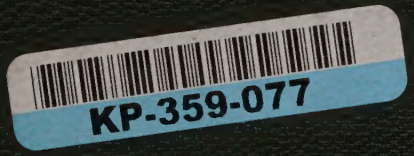
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